

ALBERTA STREET NEWS

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Vendors pay 50 cents



New Face for an Old Building

As part of the City of Edmonton's Mural Project, a 100 foot long mural was painted on the south wall of the House of Refuge Mission located at 10339 - 95 Street at a cost of \$10,000. World famous Brazilian graffiti artist, Pammela Castro, was flown in the second week of October to work on the mural. Part of the mural is a self portrait of Costran who specializes in portraits of women. The south wall of the mission was resurfaced in preparation for the mural through a \$10,000 grant from the Central Edmonton Rotary club. A local graffiti artist was on hand to paint signage for the House of Refuge Mission at the east end of the mural.

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Autumn questions

October is a month to get a person asking questions about what fairness really means. Does it mean more than the right to have pumpkin lattes all year round?

On the calendar, the month brings us Popcorn Popping Month, which is nice, but also includes such things as the first anniversary of the beginning of the Occupy movement, World Homeless Day, World Food Day, Poverty Eradication Day, Day of the Girl, and Disarmament Week. Why do we have all these special days? Are they of any use?

During the month, here in Alberta the second phase of work on a "social policy framework" got underway, the count of homeless people took place in Edmonton, and in Ottawa Members of Parliament from the Conservative Party got up to speak in opposition to having a national housing policy.

Now, how much news coverage did you see on all these things during October in mainstream media, both conventional and social media? How did coverage for all these things in total compare with coverage of a new Edmonton downtown arena, the NHL lockout, or Justin Bieber's visit to Alberta? That's part of the reason we need alternative media such as Alberta Street News.

Do things get more fair if we have enough public attention to them, do people rise up in outrage and demand change? Or do those who control most of the messages we receive create a sense we're doing well, so the system can keep deep unfairness firmly in place? Is there any way to overcome the power of the status quo, that likes things to stay pretty much as they are, where almost all the economic benefits are going to the 20 percent of people already well off?

When Premier Redford spoke on the Day for the Eradication of Poverty she said it is an irony for there to be hungry children in Alberta. We get little messages like this and think it must be positive if the premier said it, think we now have a government that is going to change things for the better-- despite the fact it is the same government that has consistently delivered policies that have done nothing but take care of wealthy friends for four decades, just a few of the faces have changed.

Words are cheap. This is a premier who refuses to consider changes to taxation in Alberta so the very richest pay just a bit more and as a result much more money could be available to deliver much-needed services to the poorest or to build social housing, who keeps royalty rates for oil sands exploitation obscenely low and gives up hundred of millions of dollars more. This is the premier of a government that keeps supporting a federal government policy to let employers bring and take advantage of temporary workers from other parts of the world to keep wages lower for Albertans, so many who work full time have no chance of making a living wage.

We need to be more persistent in asking for the facts behind the slick messages we



are given. The provincial government is in the midst of a long elaborate process to ask us what we think might constitute better social policy, but there is already overwhelming research that tells us what we need to do to provide a more fair society for all.

We know already that poor people will have years less life than those who are wealthy but we leave welfare rates in the toilet. What if we had a premier who did not praise the good work of food banks but said she would make sure her time in office was measured by ending the need for them. What if we had a government that did not flog news releases out of a Ten Year Plan to End Homelessness that is really a thinly-disguised choice to let tens of thousands of the weakest and most marginalized Albertans live in insecure, overpriced, unhealthy shelter, and instead poured serious dollars into capital and services to ensure every Albertan could enjoy a decent modest home?

The Occupy movement urged us last autumn to look around and see how many ordinary folks there are like us, who are not doing very well, and together to demand more equity rather than dreaming we might someday be part of the One Percent at the top of the pyramid and so let them keep getting more wealthy. Why should one percent of Canadians scoop up 14 percent of all income in the country? How much does one person need?

At the federal level, tough questions must be asked about why we let militarism eat up a huge amount of federal spending, militarism that means people in other parts of the world pay the price of our foolish determination to equate national pride with armed forces instead of courageous acts to build a peaceful world.

It was this time of year long ago when federal parliamentarians stood up in the House of Commons and delivered flowery rhetoric about a commitment to end child poverty in the nation by the end of the millennium. Well, that date came and went long ago and poverty rates are worse than they were then. And so, we need, as we hunker down to try to stay warm through another Alberta winter, to make our own promises to question all the cozy messages elected leaders cheerily deliver, to ask what are the facts about the issues, and then to challenge them to put their (or really, as taxpayers, our) money-- and good social policies for using it-- where their mouths are.

In mid-October I spent an evening taking part in the count done in Edmonton every second year to try to count people who are homeless. One little incident that evening for me focused the unfortunate reality where we have leaders in the media saying heroic things about ending poverty or homelessness, but not making sure there are the actual practical policies and services in place to support people avoiding lives of misery because of poverty. At one station on the LRT line my companion and I spoke with a young man who was clearly in a very low state of mind. He

told us he was homeless that chilly night because of poverty and family problems. We documented his information to add to the shelf of existing reports about the catastrophe of homelessness in Canada (which, don't forget, did not even exist until the years after the 1993 ending by the federal and Alberta governments of all funding of social housing). A half hour later, as we visited another LRT station along the line we walked past a couple of transit peace officers busily writing out a ticket for the same young man, caught red-handed riding the train without having paid a fare-- cheating the system!! And, it wouldn't be a big surprise if, a few months from now, this same young man should find himself crammed into an overcrowded Remand Centre when he fails to pay the fine for riding the train because he had no money to pay to do so. Hmm... what's wrong with this picture??

We are dominated by views that say individualism is the prime directive, that anyone who works hard can be a success and that those who fail deserve to pay the price for this. Is that fair? Is that just? Or would we all be better off if we remembered Gandhi's message that the world has enough for everyone's need, but not for everyone's greed? Is the duty of government to protect the ability of the strongest to remain in the saddle, or is it to ensure more of us have a bit of a chance to realize our dreams? Is there anything so terrible if those with more than they can possibly use for both their needs and a whole lot of luxuries as well had to hand over a little more to be used for the benefit of those who are struggling?

By Jim Gurnett

My son has Down Syndrome



The follow-up to the book on Down Syndrome provided by the hospital, was a visit from a "Crisis Counsellor". Her job is to ensure that we are talking to each other about our feelings and discuss our concerns about our son. This was not a pleasant experience, having someone you don't know picking and prying for your private thoughts so that she can determine whether or not more "intervention" is required. At the end of the meeting with my boyfriend and I, she offered her evaluation of "I think you'll be okay but there's so many couples that split because they've had a disabled child". Great, one more stressor piled on!

Our eight day stay at the hospital was finally over and we were on our way home. As a new mom, now thrown into the world of "disability", I wasn't entirely convinced I

wanted to go home. It was nice to have the knowledge and support of the nurses. Being there, made my son's diagnosis less of a life-sentence. In the NICU he was just another baby. The day we were discharged was overwhelming on its own as the nurse recited all of the things I would need to do. More than just the feeding, bathing, nurturing that I expected but also list of referrals and appointments to schedule; cardiology, genetic clinic, audiology, speech language pathology, orthopedic surgeon, Ear Nose Throat, Early Intervention and of course, pediatrician. All of these had different times and dates when I was to contact them, some within a few days, some 6 months later.

We were home. Our days were typical, sleep, eat, diaper change, repeat. I felt as if I were in a haze. Tired, stressed, worried, but somehow still functioning. I looked after my little boy, all the while trying to hold my feelings inside in an effort to be strong. My boyfriend, who was my rock in the hospital, became sullen and distant. He lay on the couch for hours saying nothing, doing nothing. The television wasn't even turned on. He had no interaction with our son, no holding him, no talking to him, he wasn't able to make eye contact with him. This behaviour was the most painful, torment. I was coping, not well, but coping and now the Crisis Counsellors warning echoed in my head. I told myself that he needed time to adjust. I let him be. I was not prepared to hear any of his thoughts or feelings because then I'd be forced to open the floodgate of mine. In the meantime I tried to keep visitor and phone

conversations light, avoiding the possibility of my bursting into tears uncontrollably and unexpectedly. Despite having cried a great deal by myself I was constantly on the verge of crying.

I spent most of my "spare time" researching Down Syndrome on the internet. I found some great resources and uplifting information, and I found the outdated and upsetting information too. I took it all in and became even more depressed. I finally talked to my doctor who prescribed something for depression. Not the miracle I was looking for but after a few weeks I didn't feel like all I could do was cry. With the tears now out of my eyes I could see that my son was an active, happy and joyful little boy and that was what really mattered.

A few weeks later my boyfriend made peace with his feelings and started to become more involved. We sought counselling to help us discuss our concerns and worries and it helped to just lift some of those thoughts weighing us down.

I strongly urge anyone in a similar situation to seek a qualified counsellor to help. There are a wide variety of free or low-cost counselling services available.

Some of the choices in the Edmonton area are:

Catholic Social Services	780-420-1970
The Family Center	780-424-5580
The Support Network	780-482-0198
YMCA	780-423-9922

By Dawne Hammerschmidt

Natural resources for all!

Over the past few months, newspapers in Calgary have carried a large number of stories relating to the collective stewardship and disposition of our province's and country's natural resources. First, there is the ongoing business section drama pertaining to the potential takeover of Nexen by the state oil company of China (a country widely known for its human rights and environmental abuses). Second, there is the public spat between the Premiers of Alberta and British Columbia regarding the proposed pipeline to the west coast, and British Columbia's contention that they should be afforded a share in the natural resource wealth of Alberta. Finally, in light of Justin Trudeau's recent announcement of his candidacy for leadership of the Liberal Party of Canada and the provocative statements of NDP leader Thomas Mulcair regarding the tar sands and the Dutch disease, there is increased attention to the potential costs and benefits of the development and implementation of some kind of national energy policy (...or dare I say "Program"). But what does all of this mean? Where does it all fit?

Well, as noted in Section 92 A of the Constitution Act, it is clear that non-renewable natural resources are a provincial responsibility. But an open consideration of the spirit of the subject can also speak to the role that natural resources can and should play in the broader economic and social well-being of both Alberta and Canada. Then there is also the issue of what our responsibilities are in terms of the inter-generational and environmental stewardship of these resources. And, with reference to the transfer of assets to the government of China to support the ends of this iron-fisted regime, what are our global responsibilities to oppressed and marginalized people?

Looking at letters to the editors and op-ed pieces, there seems to be overwhelming

support of "Alberta's oil for Albertans". The argument is made, based on a correct interpretation of Section 92 A, that the resources belong to the province. This is true.

However, I think that it is also important that natural resources be used as an instrument of national and international development in addition to being one of provincial development. Looking at the history of Canada, as noted by Harold Innis, we can clearly see that the exploitation of a series of staples was core to the development of our country. The fur trade, fisheries and lumber trades of both Atlantic Canada and the west coast, the hard rock mining of central Canada, conventional coal mining in Cape Breton, Drumheller and the Crow's Nest Pass, and prairie grain farming (to give just a few examples), all helped set up the economic, cultural and social foundations of the country. And I would argue that an understanding of the developmental role of oil and natural gas should be placed into the category of staples exploitation. Yes, as Albertans we should certainly enjoy the fruits of the exploitation of our collective resources. But the benefits accruing to us, due to accidents of geography and geology, should not lead us to forget our responsibility to the rest of the country.

We also need to remember that the resources are a public asset, and are rented out to private corporations for exploitation. Given the non-renewable nature of many of the resources in Alberta, it is also essential that environmental and inter-generational factors be given careful consideration. This could be achieved through the setting of appropriate royalty rates, windfall taxes and the strategic use of the Heritage Savings Trust Fund. We should not be too short-term focused. We need to think of our grandchildren and the planet.

Finally, it is becoming increasingly appar-

ent that economics are trumping human rights and social justice. Certainly, economics was always a core factor in the development of our public policies. But other dimensions were also given consideration. However, the Canadian government's public cozying up to the Peoples Republic of China is cause for concern. As mentioned, China has a terrible record of both human rights and environmental abuses. Yet, we are willing to offer up use of our resources to help the Chinese state continue these abuses. This should not be allowed to happen. We should do all we can to promote justice and freedom. Fueling the economic engine of a brutal regime does not do this.

I guess my bottom line is that natural resources should not be considered simply for short-term profit accumulation. They are our collective goods and require tender, dedicated and long-sighted stewardship. If we are careful with the exploitation our non-renewable resources we can ensure both the strengthening and diversification of our province (the original goals of the Alberta Heritage Savings Trust Fund). This would then allow predictable access to funds to develop and maintain a public policy framework that would serve to promote participation, choice and inclusion. It would also provide a sustainable economic foundation for the future of Alberta that can withstand the vagaries of resource pricing. Norway has done a great job in this regard. Finally, it would promote dimensions of global justice.

I recognize that my collectivist-globalist approach is not that common in Alberta. But if we did consider these factors more centrally in our decisions regarding the use of natural resources, it would help the country, the planet and our future.

Timothy Wild

Ask your Auntie

Respected and wise women in Aboriginal communities are called, affectionately, Auntie. Ask your Auntie is an occasional column in which aunts from the Aboriginal Women's Professional Association (AWPA) offer advice from their life experience. AWPA's aunts normally take questions at public events, but they have agreed have ASN transcribe and edit excerpts from events and share them. This third column is based on a public performance on March 8, 2012 for a celebration of International Women's Day.

This month they talk about finding a job, personal words of wisdom, forgiveness, and how marriage changes a relationship.

Monique (moderator): I'm looking for work. What kind of words of wisdom can you give? Maybe ways to find work, the kind of work women should be doing, or tips.

Sharon: I was out of the workforce for a while. I stayed at home and raised my kids until they were all in school. Then I started volunteering. My mom had set up a place in St. Albert called the Michif Institute. I volunteered there and then at the museum in St. Albert, Musée Heritage. I've now been working at the museum for 6½ years.

Also networking is really important: get your name out and meet people that you aspire to be like.

Mentoring: if you know somebody in the business community that is really good, you should get out and meet these people—shadow them—you get to see how they do it, and get tips from that.

Putting yourself out there is the most important thing.

Monique: What are your personal words of wisdom?

Diane: Sometimes wisdom is knowing what not to say. My husband will sometimes make something or do something that he doesn't usually do, and it's really sweet to see it. But I notice that he didn't do the sauce right or something like that. I can just feel that little part of me that wants to say, "But next time add more cheese," or something like that. I've learned that, if I can just be in the moment and shut up and get out of the way—and just love him for doing that—that it's so much better; it just is. It's love, and knowing what not to say.

Ruth: You know, our minds are very powerful, and thoughts are very powerful. One of the things that sometimes get us into trouble is that we don't think before we speak. The words come before we think. If we took more time to listen and to think before we speak, and to be mindful about what we're saying, that would help in our relationships. It would allow us to be more open with other people and to build our relationships.

Sharon Morin: Lots of women in my family and outside my family, including my mother, really influenced me. They all knew who they were. There's this word that we use otipemisiwak. "We are our own bosses" I've always carried that with me. I was a blonde and blue-eyed Métis girl who always had to say, "Yes I am Métis," and defend my culture. But I always knew who I was inside. It was otipemisiwak, I'm my own boss.

Thelma: All through the years, growing up in an Aboriginal community right beside the Sarnce reserve, I always remember the women coming from the reserve and going

back to the reserve with the horses and the travois, and the dogs and the travois, and things like that. They always stopped at our house for tea and bannock. And they always seemed so sad, so quiet.

And yet, Métis women were very strong, very independent. I never had a good relationship with my mother. But she was a very strong, strong woman. She and my dad got along really well. They never argued, and if they did, they went outside and had a discussion. I never saw them hit. There was no violence in the family. It's really important



that you never go to bed with your partner angry. Never. Because that destroys a total relationship that could be a beautiful marriage for many years.

Monique: My words of wisdom was going to be, never eat yellow snow (lol). Our next question: What are the steps to forgiveness?

Ruth: First of all, forgiveness comes from the heart. Forgiveness doesn't come because we think we need to or somebody tells us that we have to forgive. Often when we have issues of forgiveness it has to do with being hurt in some way, and sometimes we feel that it is our fault. I work primarily with people that are in abusive relationships

or who have been abused in their past. Most often that abuse happens by people that they know, and they sometimes feel that it's their fault.

The first person that we need to forgive is ourselves, because when we get into situations where bad things happen in a relationship or in our families, we take it to heart and think that this is our fault. Or we have all of this hate for another person. But if we hang onto anger, it affects our whole life. We need to learn how to forgive ourselves first and then find it in our heart to forgive the other person.

Monique: How do relationships change in marriage?

Diane: I've been married for a little while. As soon as my husband and I got married, we travelled around the world together. I just about left him in Japan—honest to God—but I hung in there.

I think that marriage does change the relationship, and if you play your cards right or and you stay open, it can just make the relationship sweeter and beautiful, because you become each other's best friend.

My husband can call me in the middle of the day and tell

me he saw a robin, or something, and we'll start to talk about that. We can be on the phone for two hours, talking about some crazy little thing, because we are each other's best friend.

The relationship maybe moves from hot and, I'll say, sexual. But it can mature. It just becomes sweeter and more and more beautiful. You become soul mates.

Send the Aunties a question

Call on the wisdom and experience of women from our Aboriginal community. No question is too big or too small. See Page 2 for ASN contact and deadline information.

Allan Sheppard

The Ask Your Auntie team performs at The Carrot Café in March 2012.
Left to right, Moderator: Monique Bulmer; Aunties Diane Miele, Ruth Suvee, Sharon Morin, and Senator Thelma Chalifoux. Photo: Pushali Mitra

Opinion: Keep an eye on the police

As I made my way home from doing my usual legal work downtown, I found myself travelling down 105 Ave at 109 St. To my dismay, I saw two police cruisers, one unmarked the other marked, parked behind a sedan with four young people sitting next to it, three dark males and a caucasian woman. I could see one constable standing guard over them and his partner rifling through the vehicle. From my vantage point I don't believe these three were handcuffed but who knows; it became obvious that the constable standing next to them was questioning them, however my questions to the police would have been a lot more scrutinizing than they'd like. For instance did the police have legal grounds to (1) stop the vehicle? (2) were they under arrest and if so were they read their rights? (3) were these people given the right to call an attorney should they be under arrest? (4) were they being detained and questioned at length when they should have kept quiet?

I firmly believe that it is possible that the Edmonton city police service did none of the above, likely going by their own "hunches" "ideals" "guilt by association" and stepping on the civil liberties of these young people who were under suspicion thinking solely that these ***** have no legal rights, that they somehow don't deserve to have any

rights of any kind, that the police have all the power in the world to do what they please no matter what the consequences will be. Yet the police service finds themselves thinking and questioning why the department is under constant watch and scrutiny by those in the legal field such as myself. Those in policing seriously need to look at themselves and what they are doing in the way they portray themselves in the public eye if they wish to be respected more. I'm not afraid of the police and I have no respect for the ones that punish the marginalized, the working poor, the homeless, my clients etc. I will continue to keep an eye on the police, the special constables, the peace officers, security forces in action, and defend those in need, write it up and keep watch.

Editor's note

We need to remember that the police are hired by us, the general public, to do their jobs – in short, they work for us, as do our government officials, our garbage men, and all other government employees. If we are unhappy with the service provided, we can lobby for changes.

In short, we all need to keep an eye on the police, as well as all civil servants!

By Ivan Miller

Stolen Sisters Memorial Walk



Tootsie Tuccaro, at the mike with her son behind her) spoke about the loss of her daughter, Amber, right, whose remains were found in September, 1012. Photo by Paula Kirman

About 300 people gathered for the Stolen Sisters Memorial Walk, held at City Hall in Edmonton on Saturday, October 6th to bring awareness and to honour the 600 indigenous women and girls known as the Stolen Sisters or the Sisters in Spirit, who have disappeared or been found murdered in Canada and whose cases remain unsolved.

Last year's Stolen Sisters Awareness event highlighted Amber Tuccaro as one of the Edmonton-area missing women. We published a statement by her mother and a handbill the family was circulating last year in hopes of finding her.

In a story in the Journal last month they said her remains have been found on a trail in a heavily treed area near Highway 263 and Range road 242 about 12 K east of Leduc. She had been missing just over a year. August 17, 2011 Amber Tuccaro flew from Fort McMurray to Edmonton with her 14

month old son and a female friend, and stayed overnight at a hotel in Nisku. The next evening, she left alone to go to Edmonton. Audio recordings show that she caught a ride with a man at about 7:30 p.m. August 18, 2011. The man is considered to be a "person of interest" by the RCMP who are investigating the case.

Amber's mother, Tootsie Tuccaro, and Amber's brother spoke at the Stolen Sisters event. With tears, Tootsie said, "That was my worst fear ever. No parent should ever have to go through this nightmare of not knowing. I used to get these horrible thoughts about



my baby and I just pushed them away. Amber lives through her son, Jacob, whom I am raising now. My heart goes out to all the



Muriel Stanley Venne and Linda Duncan, MP were among those who attended the Stolen Sister event. Photo by Linda Dumont

families who have a missing loved one." Amber's brother said, "We laid our sister to rest eight days ago in Fort Chipewyan. Our sisters are being targeted because they are being listed as high risk and runaways."

Chief Cuteray, band chief from Fort Chipewyan came out in support of the Stolen Sisters. He said, "I am here to support our women. It is time to take control and to start respecting our women. It starts at home. The traditional role of men as protectors must be brought back. It is time to stop laying blame on the residential schools, Indian affairs, alcohol and drugs..."

Muriel Stanley Venne, Lewis Cardinal, and Linda Duncan were among those who attended the Stolen Sisters event.

After the walk, participants returned to City Hall for snacks and to share in an open mic session.

By Liinda Dumont

Old Fashioned Hallowe'en

On my neighbour's lawn there is a giant black blow-up Halloween cat that moves its head slowly from side to side. There are ghosts in the trees and the house is decorated with orange lights that blink off and on in the darkness. Spooky sounds and weird laughter fill the air as you walk up the walkway to the house where a witch stares balefully out the window. Even my neighbour's dogs are dressed up for Halloween; one as a hot dog, the other as a vampire. All of the decorations and costumes are store bought and probably cost a fortune. Like Christmas, Halloween has become a very commercial holiday and the stores are filled with masks and costumes of superheroes, television characters, animals, and clowns. Boxes of potato chips, chocolate bars, and candy make handing out the Halloween treats a very easy, if expensive pursuit. What a world of difference from the Halloweens I remember so many years ago.

I remember looking forward to Halloween for weeks as I planned what costume I would wear for the dress-up party at school. Store-bought costumes for children were not around yet so Mom had to sew our costumes on her treadle sewing machine. At Halloween the small country store sold crepe paper in many colors and Mom would create wonderful costumes of gypsies, clowns, witches, and princesses. Mom had a wonderful imagination, and was very creative so one of us kids would win the prize for the best costume every year.

One year Mom made me a duck costume with row upon row of pointy feathers made from white crepe paper. My sister had a very unique convict costume made from a

pair of Dad's long white underwear. Mom painstakingly hand-sewed all the black stripes around it, and Linda made the ball for the ball and chain out of paper mashe' which she painted black. A lot of my classmates dressed up as ghosts, or hobos, or hunters which were easy costumes to make out of a bed sheet or old clothes. The Halloween party at school would last all afternoon and we played a lot of games like spin the bottle and bobbing for apples in a big round galvanized tub. We always had a wonderful lunch of sandwiches, cookies, and cake which students would be assigned to bring.

The best part of Halloween was going trick-or-treating at night. My sister and I would dress up really warm under our costumes and walk two miles to the few houses in the little hamlet of Sunnybrook. The night would be totally dark and the only sound would be the hollow tread of our feet on the gravel road and the wind rustling the few dry leaves that clung to the branches of the trees that lined the road. We spoke in hushed tones as we imagined ghosts and witches flying across the sky. Our first stop was a small farmhouse where the woman handed out the most delicious homemade popcorn balls. In Sunnybrook there were about twelve houses that we stopped at, and we received candy apples, rice crispy squares, puffed wheat squares, toffees wrapped in orange and black paper, apples, and a few bags of chips and chocolate bars. We were so happy with our pillow case of treats as we trudged the two miles home again. We didn't have to worry about checking our treats as it was unheard of that anyone would want to

hurt a child at Halloween.

Some of the young fellows would do tricks at Halloween but they were more funny than malicious. One year, the day after Halloween, we arrived at school to see a buggy on top of the school roof. Our country school had an old barn on the property that housed horses children rode to school. I will never know how the guys pulled that buggy up onto the roof of the school but it was a great trick. Another common trick was to move the outhouse back a few feet but thankfully someone always noticed so no one actually fell in.

When my children were young I made lovely costumes of Superman for my son and a pink fairy for my daughter. When they went to school, however, they wanted to have store bought costumes like the other children. I remember my daughter had a Laura Ingalls costume from the TV series Little House On The Prairie. It was made of really thin plastic and the costume ripped all down the side and the elastic string on the mask soon broke. She was terribly disappointed and ended up going trick or treating as a ghost.

Another Halloween is here and I am ready with a little basket of chocolate bars and chips that I know I will end up eating myself. I live on a country road with only a few houses and no-one ever bothers to come trick or treating here. Still, I have decorated my house for Halloween in my own simple way...I put an orange pumpkin from my garden on the porch!

By Sharon Austin

How St. Albert City Council's bureaucratic red tape ended up getting me a business licence to vend in the Town of Morinville



Morinville's City Planning staff celebrate the arrival of Alberta Street News with the provincial newspaper's very own Media Spokesperson, newest vendor and veteran reporter and photographer, John Zapantis, who holds up his business licence certificate granted to him by licence inspector Karen Strawson. Left to right: Karen Strawso, Morinville city planner Tim Vrooman, John Zapantis and receptionist Karen Monroe. Photo by Stephen Dajoe

The art of projection can sometimes work as the most deceiving and effective strategy for some politicians who have a secret agenda. At least that's what I found out having been given the opportunity to give my presentation in front of St. Albert Mayor Nolan Crouse and members of St. Albert City Council, at a city council meeting while trying to get city council to push for an all inclusive vendors' bylaw to allowing me to get a vendor's permit to sell on one of the many street corners in the City of St. Albert, Alberta. As you and I know, politicians are usually known for promising one thing, but doing opposite of what voters who voted them in would hope they'd do.

On July 3, 2012 at 3 p.m. inside St. Albert Place City Hall council chambers, I was given five minutes to state my case, to convince Mayor Crouse and his council to push for an all inclusive vendors' bylaw that

would not only permit Alberta Street News vendors to set up shop on the many street corners of St. Albert, but the newly approved bylaw could have included every particular type of vendor to be included in the city's vending market.

Even though Mayor Crouse had given me five minutes to state my case, I did this presentation 'all one breath' that took about minutes and 20 seconds. Here is a published transcript of that Shaw Cable Television telecast of my presentation to Mayor Crouse and council members, Roger Lemieux, Malcolm

Parker, Cathy Heron, Wes Broadhead and Cam MacKay.

Mayor Crouse introduces me, "I'm going to turn it over to you. Go ahead and welcome to St. Albert."

John Zapantis, Alberta Street News Media Relations Co-ordinator and Media

Spokes-person, "Honourable Mayor Nolan Crouse, members of St. Albert City Council, I'm just going to say, as a reporter for the Alberta Street News and a former vendor,

I have a very big concern about expanding our provincial street paper into the City of St. Albert. Primarily the purpose of our paper is to empower people living on the margins, such as AISH, welfare supports and while supplementing their incomes, it also gives them an opportunity to write about their personal issues. Now on one occasion while selling with a former paper that went defunct, back in January of 2010, called Our Voice, I had the incentive and wonderful experience back in December of 1996 in selling in front of a mall in St. Albert and made considerable revenues within that one week period, up until being discovered by security, who escorted me out nicely and I complied and was diligent at that. Though I realized at that time that the traffic was quite busy throughout those mall strips as opposed to what City Councillor Cam MacKay had alleged when he said there was no traffic downtown and it would be a waste of our time to be in your city selling an empower-

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PETER GOLDRING
Member of Parliament
Edmonton East

FOREIGN INVESTMENT CAUTION NEEDED

The Federal government needs to exercise transparency and openness in all future discussions regarding the proposed takeover of Canadian energy giant Nexen by the Chinese government.

This resource belongs to the people of Canada, not to government officials, not to the Premier of Alberta, and not to China. If the Federal government really believes that the opinion of the Canadian public will be a factor in the decision, then public hearings should be held by a committee of the House of Commons. I have introduced a motion in the House (M-410) calling for such a committee to be established.

Under current rules, takeovers such as the Nexen deal are permissible if they are found to be of "net benefit" to Canada. But what "net benefit" means needs to be clearly defined in public so that every Canadian understands what exactly is being looked at and considered when the government makes a final decision on the Nexen deal (or any future deal). In this case for example, is the Chinese government a fair and equal partner to Canadian corporations on human rights, worker rights, and environmental concerns? Or are Chinese corporations cross-subsidizing or competing unfairly with free enterprise corporations?

I am optimistic that one of the opposition parties will pick up the mantle for this cause and will not hesitate to take further action. Canada is currently running a \$30 billion trade deficit with China. If the Chinese government put these resources into purchasing Canada's corporations then they could hypothetically purchase two Nexens a year. Thus, we must proceed carefully as we define our future. I think before we sell the family farm out from under our children and our grandchildren, we need a full and wholesome understanding of our country to country rules for fair economic engagement.

What do you think?

780-495-3261 www.petergoldring.ca

Lest we forget



Remembrance day is a day set aside in the year to honour those men, and women who have fought, and sometimes died for our freedom. For those that didn't die in battle returned home, with wounds visible, and invisible. The horrors of war that would forever scar their minds, where they have to fight to remember that they are now home and safe. Let us also remember those people

then who have fought for their freedom from abuse. Some have died, in their flight for freedom, and those that have survived also suffer from wounds visible or not. Where some of them hide in their houses in fear of being found by their enemy. For it is not on some battle ground in another country, there is no one to call for peace, no UN to step in and say that someone has gone too far. Where even the police can only help so far, bound by the very laws meant to protect us. There have been some who have paved the way, sometimes by blood, for more help for others. I think that these people are also veterans of war, that must be remembered. So that perhaps in the future there will be no longer bodies found burned in ditches, nor children huddled in the darkness in terror as they watch their mother tortured. It is important for us to remember our history, in the hopes that it will never happen again.

Linda Dumont

Vendors licence continued

ment paper that provides a substantial income to people living on the margins and writing about their relevant social issues.

"All we want to do is to be a part of the process, just like everybody else and I'd like to personally challenge Mayor Crouse and members of city council to come out and watch me vend and watch those revenues climb, where the traffic is abundant, as opposed to where the traffic isn't abundant and that's where I'll stay away from, when given the incentive to grow. What's your take on this, Mayor Crouse?"

Mayor Nolan Crouse, "I need to understand, what your request is. What is your request?"

John Zapantis, "Request to push for a bylaw in terms of making this an all inclusive vendors' bylaw, as opposed to an exclusive vendors bylaw, such as the people at the Farmer's Market, who are given the incentive to make a livelihood for themselves. I feel we're the equivalent of that and we deserve a second chance.

Mayor Nolan Crouse, "Thank you. Someone may take that up under item 3 under our agenda. We have no more questions for you. Thank you very much."

In two months, two weeks and one day I decided to get back in contact with the mayor's office to find out why they were taking so long to make a motion as to whether they were going to amend to an all inclusive vendor's bylaw to allow me my vending permit or not. I decided to drive down to St. Albert Place City Hall located about a 15 minute drive north of where I live in Edmonton. When I arrived to St. Albert Place City Hall, I was put in contact with one of the female licence inspectors, who wanted her name left out of this story, since I told her I was covering a story on this particular bylaw issue. When I popped the question to her about whether there was a motion made on my presentation to sell the paper in St. Albert, all the licence inspector could say was that the mayor never motioned in favour of my selling and never gave a reason why. I just sucked it up and thanked her quickly and made a quick break for my parked car outside St. Albert Place City Hall's parking lot. While starting up my car's engine, I deeply reflected on the way things went in city council chambers, when I appeared on that televised segment, trying to plead my case to the mayor and city council.

Now I realized it was traditional Hollywood at its best, that candy coated invite to come out and speak on live television in front of members of city council was falsely giving all the Shaw Cable Television viewing audience the false impression that the mayor and his cronies were playing fair ball with me in giving me the chance to state my case in trying to obtain my right to an employment opportunity selling a provincial street newspaper for people living on the margins. I received two letters of reply for my proposal to have an all inclusive vendor's bylaw amendment, first from Mayor Nolan Crouse, then from Cam MacKay. Here are excerpts of those two contradictory email letters of reply that expose how opposed the Mayor and Cam MacKay were to the idea of having a street paper in their own backyard.

First St. Albert Mayor Nolan Crouse and his letter dated, May 9, 2012

John

I do not believe that council would be receptive to a downtown street corner newspaper seller, but if you wish to approach council, you may feel free to contact Chris Belke at 780-459-1500 and you can arrange to speak to council. I am being 100% honest with you, John, I do not believe there is enough traffic on our downtown street corners to warrant your venture to be profitable. I honestly think you are wasting time believing you can make a living selling newspapers

on St. Albert corners.

Regards

Mayor Nolan Crouse

Letter of reply from St. Albert City Councillor Cam MacKay dated May 9, 2012

John

I just can't see this being a good fit for our community. I can't fathom how you would make this work, since we have no street traffic for most of the year due to winter. Having assertive vendors on street corners would likely keep more people away from businesses downtown, rather than attract them. We don't have the kind of residents who enjoy being panhandled. Additionally it would be difficult in my mind for our city to justify expending the kind of resources required to have a public hearing needed for the bylaw change on this issue.

Just my two cents, best of luck in your endeavours.

Cam MacKay

Certainly from those two letters of reply, they contradict the typical Hollywood projection of a welcoming Mayor Nolan Crouse in allowing me the opportunity to try to convince them to get an all inclusive vendor's bylaw amended. It's also amazing how well the art of projection worked its magic for Mayor Nolan Crouse, when he added to the closing of my request for an all inclusive vendors bylaw, "Thank you. Someone may take that up under item 3 on our agenda. We have no more questions."

Evidently it was never taken up on item 3 under that agenda, after all. I did go down to St. Albert Place City Hall and asked the female licence inspector if the Mayor had made his motion as to whether or not he was going to consider giving me a permit to sell the paper in St. Albert. The licence inspector verified that no motion was made and he still wouldn't tell the inspector why. It's very obvious that no motion will ever be made!

After rehashing all of the past events, I decided to drive out to the Town of Morinville about a 12 minute drive north of St. Albert. That small friendly business and middle class working town is primarily made up of English, French and German as the three most dominant cultures in that town, information courtesy of the Town of Morinville website that also confirmed population of 7,636 residents. On many days I had been to Morinville with my sweetheart, Theresa Walsh Cooke, when driving her out to the town's only Tim Hortons for a great kicking coffee, over an entertaining conversation. Still feeling frustration about the St. Albert red tape fiasco, I was determined in succeeding to find territory in a town known for its incredibly humble people and the exciting possibility of maybe finding a downtown street corner to vend on.

Then a wonderful thought crossed my mind, why not drive over to Morinville's Civic Hall, where the licence inspectors are located, to find out what my chances would be of having a business licence and vendor's permit given to me to vend in Morinville. After all, that town looked like it had a population big enough to sustain at least one very hungry and determined self sufficient Alberta Street News vendor like myself.

I introduced myself to Permit/Business Licence Inspector Karen Strawson. I first represented myself as the Alberta Street News spokesperson and media relations co-ordinator, writer and photographer. For the next five minutes I gave Karen a briefing that the purpose of the Alberta Street News was to empower vendors through selling a paper on various street corners as a way of supplementing their marginalized incomes. They were also allowed to write about their personal issues. I then quickly showed Karen the Alberta Street News September issue

running her through various story content and also showed her my very informative and entertaining feature written on prominent Aboriginal award winning rap artist Shawn Bernard a.k.a.Feenix, who once led a life of crime while supporting his drug and alcohol addictions, but eventually rose above adversity with the moral and spiritual support of Aboriginal elders, who helped set him straight with the spiritual guidance of the Creator so he was able to regain his legal right to raise his three boys. In that 5 minute time slot, I had Karen hooked with enthusiasm on the various informative content of the Alberta Street News. I also gave her a free complimentary copy of our paper for openers. As a result of her impressions of our paper I was granted a business licence certificate and a vendors' permit. Alberta Street News is now officially known to be the first ever provincial street newspaper to operate in the Town of Morinville.

Right after my vending permit was granted, I went to a phone booth, leaving a message on the answering service of the Morinville News weekly newspaper for Morinville news editor and reporter Stephen Dafoe. I mentioned that I was representing the Alberta Street News and that I had been granted a business licence and vendors' permit to sell the Alberta Street News on the downtown street corner of 100 Street and 100 Avenue in downtown Morinville. I said I was hoping for an interview while celebrating our most recent expansion into Morinville. The following day Stephen Dafoe of the Morinville News phoned my residence in Edmonton and interviewed me for ten minutes. That interview later hit the pages of the Morinville News in the October 3 weekly issue.

By the way, what went around, came around. I finally got a little bit of sweet justice with St. Albert City Council. At some point in the article that was done on me, the writer mentions that I got the cold shoulder from St. Albert City Council, when asking for a vendor's permit, but in spite of the rejection I managed to get a permit to vend in the Town of Morinville. One thing assured, having had my permit granted without any questions asked made me feel like I was just given the keys to the Town of Morinville and that certainly beats the feeling of being treated like some second class citizen, while I struggled to cut through miles and miles of endless, out of control, red tape in the City of St. Albert.

I'd like to extend my sincere appreciation to reporter Stephen Dafoe for a job well done. His article was seen by at least a dozen of my clients and that story has really helped my sales on 100 street and 100 avenue in Morinville. Also a very sincere Thank you to our founding Alberta Street News editor, Linda Dumont, who came to the rescue of several Calgary Street Talk vendors in Calgary, who lost their street news paper due to a lack of funding.

To view the city council meeting with me speaking to Mayor Nolan Crouse and city council, go to Google and type in John Zapantis video. Then click St. Albert City Council PBT.

Then finally to view the video for activation, click a) John Zapantis Alberta Street News, to the far left of column.

To view the article written on John Zapantis in the Morinville News, go to Google type in Morinville News John Zapantis. Then click the first top title bar entitled Morinville News News Archives Writer takes it to the streets.

Thank you for watching and reading!

John Zapantis

Come home to The New Evolution of The East Village



The Calgary area that was once called the Eastend was renamed the East Village in 2000. There are Community Organizations, The Calgary Drop-in & Rehab Centre, residents, the City Civic Centre and the Historic City Hall and employees who reside in the area. I want to write about changes I have seen over the last seven years. I'm forever reminded of what the East Village was like to live in as a teenager and growing up there for over twenty years of my life. Today, while walking across the Langevin Bridge on a regular basis, I always remember the past, with sad and oppressed memories of what I had seen. The memories that haven't come to mind at first are of the former Cecil Hotel. The Cecil was not the place I frequented while growing up in the Eastend. There are other parts of the Eastend and they were the old Historical Queen's, Imperial, Alex, National and the Carlton Hotels. The area from Macleod Trail, 1st Street SE. to 3rd Street SE. along 8th and 9th Avenue SE. was the area where I spent most of my time on the street. I remember the area before the LRT was built with the underground tunnel. This was where the 8th Avenue SE. road once went through and across the north side of the street was an old historical building. On the corner of 3rd Street SE. was a small green space next to the former Strathcona Block. I slept outside there many a night, with nowhere to go.

There were denizens, immigrants in their senior years that resided there at the Strathcona Block, since the second world war. The streets were flooded on every corner with bar patrons, like the Kimatapsikeses, (meaning: street people) young people, under aged runaways, seniors, bottle pickers, drifters, pan handlers, homeless street people, sexual predators, johns, sex trade workers and others who were alone, oppressed, some with untreated mental and physical illnesses, lonely, withdrawn and most of all alcohol and drug addicted.

There are some of these street elements of character types in the East Village today. These social types will be there for generations to come. These socially rejected street human beings are not going to go away once the East Village has been fully developed. Just this past week, I walked in the late afternoon through the now trendy area where a wooden sign with an orange and white background says, "Come Home to East Village". "Sales Centre Turn, Left First and Evolution" hangs on a chain link fence, on a scroll along the fence facing eastward. My first thought was, 'Who are they asking to come home to East Village?' Would I ever be welcomed back to the place where I grew up in as a teenager? The only way for me to ever live in East Village again is if I bought a condo in one of the block radius construction

lots. This is what got my attention. The East Village has been on the back burner for me for a while now. I'm relieved that I'm able to write about old part of town.

There was a road that once went through from 4th Street & Riverfront Avenue, but since the Calgary Drop-in Centre was built in the 2000's, next to the road, it has now become a cul de sac. As I was looking around the chain link fence I saw that the banner read "Music Centre Coming Soon" Evolution" New River Front Condos FIRST Stroll the River Walk Evolution, Visit our Show Suites FIRST New Island Bridge Coming". As I strolled around the East Village after leaving an event in the area in the early evening, without fear, I was calm but appalled at seeing it up close. The weather was cool and temperature was 0. On the corner there is a wooden sign, "The New Calgary Condominiums in East Village, Coming Soon". Across the street is a symbol trademark "ev East Village Sales Centre New Riverfront Condo's" and an e-mail address.

I stood there looking around with no one else strolling in the early evening other than

We camped along the Bow River before Fort Calgary and the Mounties came.

a few male homeless street people passing by. Then, near the C-Train tracks on the corner of 4th St & 6th Avenue SE, there were construction workers gathering their tools and leaving the site. While walking across the Langevin Bridge north bound to catch a bus, just before 10:00 p.m. I thought about what it is like today to walk on through the East Village. I can say I'm uncomfortable while moving along with the wide open area from Macleod Trail, 4th Street SE. to 6th Street SE. Every block from 3rd Street SE. is under construction. The area has a bleak, dark and cold outlook. I don't see crowds of pedestrians, blue collar workers or even community residents walking on the road of 8th Avenue SE. I know that most of the residents in the area, who now live there in East Village, drive their vehicles and there is a high percentage of seniors in the area who use the transit and Handi buses. Every time I'm walking through from 5th Street and 8th Avenue SE towards the core, I look around to see if any of my people are in the area and most times no one in sight. This is not a Native friendly area to be taking a walk in.

Today in passing, some pedestrians give me a second look, a stare down, and fear develops in their eyes. I can see it in their body language. I know what all the commotion is about. It's a social stigma, it's deeply rooted, a generational trauma and trickling effect in the East Village today. The second look, stare down was to see if I'm intoxicated, or on chemical based over the counter substances, wasted on drugs, violent, or if my clothing looks suitable, clean or not. Have I got a bad smell about me? Is it safe to pass by me? They huddle holding onto to their purses and belongings and litterly run up the street, or they cross over in the middle of the Avenue to just avoid me. It doesn't matter if I'm wearing my most beautiful, fluorescent coloured clothing, my designer jacket, or if I'm casually well-dressed and I'm looking sophisticated!

Sometimes there has been racism, indifference and sexist stereo-types that I

encountered. I'm not going to say that this doesn't exist. It's very much alive today. Sometimes my self-worth and respect can be discouraged by pedestrians, strangers and drivers, who get away with violating my safety in the area. I remember when Aboriginal women and men didn't get past succeeding in casual labour jobs! I could only get a day labour job for a day if the employer wanted women like myself to work. But that was a rare occasion.

On a positive reaction to the social stigmas, today, I'm always trying to break the barriers that divides us culturally by educating the ones who will listen and I want to change their negative attitudes and behaviours about how they view the Aboriginal Peoples here in the East Village and anywhere in the City of Calgary. I'm hoping in the future that the East Village's Evolution signage will fulfill my dream of building an Aboriginal Friendship Centre to be included in partnership of the "ev Come Home To East Village" The Aboriginal Friendship Centre should be in the downtown, because that's where the first Native Friendship Centre was located so the Urban Aboriginal people, who were new to Calgary, could find a place where they could meet other urban Aboriginals. I would like to see a future Aboriginal component to the "New Evolution" of the once down - trodden seedy and rundown Eastend Side because we were the first people to settle in the East Village area. We camped along the Bow River before Fort Calgary and the Mounties came. Then Calgary was founded from the Fort Calgary era, just over a hundred years ago. There should be flag drawings of the Great Chiefs that were there for the signing of the Treaty Seven at Fort Calgary where Fort Calgary has the flag drawings of Colonel Macleod and his men on the flag poles outside, along 9th Avenue SE.!

Bring my people home To East Village and "Come Full Circle", so my people can be part of the "New Evolution" by building this Friendship Centre to a helping place for my people, where they have a place to feel welcome, belong and be accepted!

Andie W. L

Without Jesus?

I don't know how anyone could live in this world without Jesus. I know that I couldn't. He helps me to start each day. As I give the day to Him, He guides and directs me each step of the way - helping me to give thanks for the good things that happen and helping me to face the tough times. Jesus affirms and blesses me and keeps me going in so many ways. I write prayers in a journal to Him and talk with Him all day. He is the best friend and counsellor that anyone could ever have. He is more patient, kind, loving, forgiving and helpful than anyone could ever be. Sometimes I cannot pray because I am so overwhelmed with stress, but I have friends who know Jesus and they pray with me on the phone so that I can get my peace back. When my body aches and causes me many problems, Jesus reminds me that some day I will have a new body in Heaven where there will be no more disease or pain. When I am afraid, He assures me that He is with me and that He will work everything out. Jesus shows me that there are many solutions to each problem and He helps me to work them out. After all, Jesus is The Son of God and He knows everything about everything and the solution to every problem. We need not fear dying or death because Jesus has promised to always be with us, to comfort and help us.

Continued on page 11

Disclosure of sexual abuse



Any sexual act or sexualized behaviour towards a child is child sexual abuse. Adults, adolescents who sexually abuse children take advantage of the child's trust, and take advantage of the child vulnerability and divine innocence. Child abuse is a crime that murders the soul through the denigration of the victim. If you have any suspicion of child abuse, it is your legal obligation to disclose it

At: 1-800-387-5437

Being faced with the disclosure of sexual abuse of an innocent child is the most challenging and crushing experience that you may experience in your life. When an inno-

cent child puts all her trust on you and the child actually ventures to disclose what it has been done that vulnerable being, at that time you know that you have to disclose what you have heard and you have to help this child get not only the Justice that she deserves but also you know that you have to empower her and give validation to her claim.

Many times the reasons that a parent may decide not to disclose the abuse are hard to understand and it becomes very confusing but in reality in our society the non-offending parent is the one that is held responsible even if she did not have anything to do with the abuse. These parents feel unfairly judged by society for failing to protect their children and they are well aware that they will face the threat that they might lose their children.

Emotions following the disclosure are shock, disbelief, isolation, sadness, guilt, depression, self blame, anger and frustration. When a child has been sexually abused, there might not be any marks and the abuse may not be visible but if a child has been sexually assaulted, the child is carrying the psychological scars. Initiation, intimidation, stigmatization, isolation and helplessness as the reality of sexual abuse. The earlier abused children get help, the greater chance they have to heal, it is of great importance that the parent believes the child, but in cases where the parent knows that the child has been molested and she fears that her child will be taken away, she will not only deny the abuse but she will coerce her child to keep the abuse in silence.

The child will learn very fast not to trust her parent and their world become so con-

fusing, the most fundamental relationship for a child that is between the mother and the child will be damaged. Without this base the child has no one and can not trust anymore. This will damage the child's sense of self. This child will have core beliefs about herself very negative and will carry the burden of her family secrets. Children generally learn to cope silently but children are no match to human intruders. The child is put in the position to submit quietly in order to continue keeping "the secret"

The indicators of child abuse can be personal to each child; there are children that rock to sooth their feelings, they have anger or/and depression, they act in sexualized ways, they know things about sex that no child should be aware of. Children do not disclose the abuse only one time. There are triggers and we must be aware and watchful about those triggers because they will result in disclosures. For the children the acts committed against them are hard to make any sense of and they need validation for what they have gone through. It is of great importance to keep all the documentation necessary even if it will take time it will help the child to get the justice they deserve. Keeping the information is important because of the dates and to ensure that what you write is how the child has disclosed it.

It is easy for people to state that "Maybe the child was trying to make up the kind of histories that you might want to hear". Suddenly it is about you putting ideas on the child's mind, this being completely ludicrous coming from the innocent honesty of a child. A person could tell that the things the child stated and how the child

Mother of the Bride - A Remembrance Day story

Millicent left the house in a frenetic state of mind. She had received a frantic appeal from Angelina announcing that David's plane had missed the connecting flight from Montreal to Edmonton. Now it was three hours later. He was on another plane. As she drove to the airport, Millicent was contemplating the circumstances of her mission. She had never refused her daughter any reasonable requests, but then she had never imagined this one to be part of the traditional role of the bride's mother. Nevertheless, her solicitous generosity exceeded any qualms that she might have imagined over the last minute finishing touches to her outfit that she was to wear to the ceremony.

She had chosen an ankle length floral dress in dusky pink. An edge to edge lace coat in cream Victorian lace would discreetly reveal the pleats and tucks to the underskirt at the waistline. The complete ensemble complemented the bridesmaids' and flower girls' attire. She observed the codes they had agreed to in order to avoid any conflicts in style.

This was the least of her concerns when she acquiesced to undertake to meet David, the groom-to-be. This was to allay any trepidations that Angelina had about David's attendance at the wedding rehearsals that evening.

Angelina knew that she could rely on her mother's munificence to exceed all the bounds of generosity to ensure that David and his family were in attendance at the rehearsal. They could have let him take the airport transportation or a taxi, but that was not the way that Millicent wished to welcome the debonair young man who was soon to become a valued member of her family. Anyone else would have been too nervous to

take on the precarious ride to the airport in the speeding traffic. Besides, she wanted to reconnect with David after his long absence to Afghanistan.

The traffic to the airport was relentless as motorists exceeded the speed limits and made illegal lane changes. She really had to take extra precautions to give them the benefit of the doubt. Then, at length, she was at the arrival gate and filled with curiosity and anticipation as she waited for the plane to touch down on the runway.

Mentally she paced the proposals they had planned for the wedding nuptials. Everything was meticulously coordinated by mutual consultation with David's input via the only channels of communication available that would not jeopardize anyone's safety or security. Themes, inspirational music and performances took on a solicitous ambience as plans for a stupendous wedding were formulated.

Preludes involved the rendition of "Qui Devant Dui" as the guests were being seated. For the announcement of the brides entrance, "Here Comes the Bride" would provide fanfare for the presentation of the bride by her father. Paschaval's Cannon in D Major would prelude the opening prayers. Her focus was distracted by last minute intrusions. The media reports of soldiers who made the ultimate sacrifice were very daunting. Mothers, wives, and fiancés, who were bereft of loved ones in the war, were usually presented with folded fags to honour courage and bravery.

She knew from a monitor that the plane had arrived on schedule. Then, after a forty minute delay a young man, laden with khaki coloured duffle bags and more paraphernalia in the camouflage patterns of the army,

sauntered through the arrival gate. He wore the uniform of his regiment. Their gazes met. They recognized each other. Millicent's pride was instantaneous. A host of shimmering medals bedecked his jacket. Her response was with myriad hugs to reward and welcome his safe return.

Soon they were on their way to where his family awaited him at the hotel. It was anticlimactic to observe the superstition that the intended bridegroom was not to see the bride before the wedding.

On the Saturday morning, the grooms-men briefed David about the details of the nuptial mass. Later, as David awaited Angelina's arrival at the church, his appearance represented the epitome of a cavalier. The bride was resplendent in her haute couture gown as she made her entrance on her father's arm. The opening prayers were followed by the liturgy of the word. The responsorial psalm was the 'Gift of Love' and during the gospel acclamation, the choir sang the Celtic Alleluia.

The priest was magnanimous as he performed the marriage rites.

The Ava Maria and the lighting of the unity candle was utterly inspirational and enough to bring tears of happiness to many eyes. At the conclusion of the service everyone exchanged the sign of peace. The Wedding Song and The Trumpet Voluntary by Clarke accompanied the recession.

It was the culmination of a union based on the initiatives of peace, mutual love and friendship, quite unlike the motives of the avaricious warlords who refuse to enter into peaceful discussions and encounters.

D.Raubenheimer

Disclosure continued

displayed other things that the child was seeking support and clarification, the child needed to know if they were bad and could not understand why they have been done to her. With every disclosure, you can tell how important it was for the child to make those disclosures.

What I find very concerning are the claims made by the professionals that are supposed to protect the well being of children which forges a person's right to make a disclosure, and the kind of unfounded remarks fail to hold the objectivity and the non judgmental principles that they are supposed to uphold in their profession.

In order to adequately investigate an allegation of sexual abuse professionals involved must understand the dynamics of the family and will have to peel layers before the truth will come into the light, the motives not only for the victim not to tell the truth but if the parent is under the understanding that they might take her child if they discover that the child had been sexually abused, this incredible fear will corrupts the whole investigation.

For the perpetrator/s this is wonderful; we are aware that they will lie and deny any kind of abuse. For them this system works very well as the parent and the child will ensure that their secret is kept and the perpetrator does not have to worry about facing charges

Wouldn't it be better empower and train these mothers to be better caregivers and ensure the vigilance that the mother complies with some kind of guidance so the child is not put in dangerous situations? We might

think that this comes naturally for mothers but obviously it does not and judging them and punishing the children by taking them away is not the kind of system that we should have in our society. For single mothers in our society it is very hard financially they are struggling, emotionally they are struggling, they need help in order to feel empowered, they do not need to be persecuted.

Evaluators should be in place to break down the mother denial, find out the surrounding events that follow the disclosure in order to investigate everyone thoroughly. Child victims of sexual abuse face secondary trauma in the crisis of discovery. Their attempts to reconcile their private experiences with the realities of the outer world are assaulted by the disbelief, blame and rejection they experience from adults. The normal coping behaviour of the child contradicts the entrenched beliefs and expectations typically held by adults, stigmatizing the child. Such abandonment by the very adults most crucial to the child's protection and recovery drives the child deeper into self-blame, self-hate, alienation and re-victimization.

What happens when the representatives of the law becomes ambiguous and/or silent and this become their personal judgment that everything is o.k., that the child is not displaying any signs that there is anything traumatic affecting her life, and they can assess this in a brief investigation? To me the skeletal framework is completely faulty and the people involved do not work on the best interest of the child. The sexual abuse of children relies heavily on children keeping

secrets. We need the Government to put on "Clinics for disclosure" instead of threatening to take the children from the parents. We need these parents to be empowered in order that they can keep their children safe. We have to stop blaming non offending mothers and punishing them with the threat to take their children away.

The fact is that our Government is not doing enough to keep our children safe and the pandemic of child abuse is getting harder and harder to fight. Every place you turn there is a child that has been sexually molested and their life has turned upside down. We also need stiffer sentences; the laws in place are not deterrents.

When my child got sexually molested, she never received the justice that she deserved, the perpetrator received "one day in jail" and in no time he was coaching children in hockey. This is not justice.

While we can not change the world, the fact is that as long as children don't have a voice and they are still being considered second class citizens in our society and where there are being targeted to be abused and denigrated in the most horrible manners we must be their voices. They are the most vulnerable members of our society.

By Maria B.

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Rory Story

Teach The Speech
Chapter 4

The Best Contest

In the Dwarves world we are always after more laughter.

Once a year we all have a great cheer.

Gnomette's and Gnome's attend a tremendous all Male contest

To see who is the best?

To enter you must consider yourself a scholar.

At home or in school Dwarves' do not scream which also does mean holler.

AAAH!!!

Oh Yeah! Back to explaining this wonderful contest,

And yes there are 3 prizes and we get lots of surprises.

Third place is never ever a disgrace. The title held is pretty.

Our second place trophy is not hidden secretly.

It bears the name of he who also has much fame of prettier.

But! The first place winner is the greater successor.

This Dwarf is known as the prettiest.

To us whoever wins is the greatest.

That lucky dwarf is the winner of our yearly contest.

The End!

Thank you, Thank you, Thank you!

Oh yeah! Always remember that if you think the winner of our contest is pretty

That all of my Dwarves' really do know,

That the winner of our show really is just pretty ugly

Written by Rory P Gaudon

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Without Jesus? continued

with us, to comfort and help us.

I don't know how anyone could live in this world without Jesus. There is so much sin in our families, our city, country and all over the world. People, even innocent little children, are being abused, physically and emotionally every day because of our sinful nature and because people allow the devil to have a foothold in their lives.

Jesus is the only One who can deliver us from our sin, who can give us the love, hope, peace in our lives that we need. He helps us to take a stand against evil. When we surrender to Jesus, He works everything out in His Time and in His Way. He walks with us through all the trials and tribulations of this world and then when we have fulfilled our purpose in this world, He takes us to Heaven to be with Him where there is no sin or evil. Before Jesus ascended to Heaven He promised us who follow Him, "I am going to prepare a place for you, so that you may be where I am."

I have walked with Jesus for 68 years and I wouldn't even for a moment want to try to live in this world without Him!

P.S. If you want to know Jesus, all you have to do is read about Him in the Bible - starting with the Gospels. When you are ready, you can give your life to Him and let Him guide and direct you in every way. And you can talk to Jesus like you would a closest friend. The neat thing about coming to Jesus is that you don't have to change before you come - He accepts and loves you just the way you are. To help you grow in your faith, you can listen to songs about Jesus, watch T.V. or listen to radio programs about Jesus e.g. Tribal Trails, In Touch with Dr. Stanley, and Living Truth. Finding a church to attend that teaches about Jesus, will also help.

By Judy Brown

Rob's Corner



From Rob's Corner Monthly Review

Question of the Day: Do I want to stick around? Nor sure of how much longer I want to remain in this world, or on this planet? Not sure if I want to remain alone for the rest of my life? Do I want this pain? Not sure if I can go on without her, and for how much longer I can go on?

Rob's Say for the day: Never good to stay stuck in the past. Life is so very, very short. Try to live for the day! Don't worry too much about the future. Best to live each and every day the best way possible, in a good way, a positive way.

Doin Allright!! Goin into the second month since she -my common law (Lorna Jean Scrambler) passed away. Doin all the things I used to while she was alive, mostly anyway. Haven't attempted to cook any meals, though I can cook! I'm still out there every day selling papers in front of the plaza theater. It's a struggle, but I get thru it thanks to all my friends!

Contrary to rumours about the Plaza Closing: The plaza is not closing. Matter of fact it's doing quite well. It's getting its share of rentals which is a big help! They are adding a new roof over the next few weeks or so, plus adding a new sound system. They have a digital projector, 4 years old, needs some upgrades, \$30-40,000. They have the money.

Fall upon us, Winter not to far off! Changing colours, chilly winds, cool nites warm summer like days. Early nitetime sky. First frost. Winter setting into peoples minds! Halloween party planning! Stores full of Halloween goodies! Summer beginning to be a distant memory. Fond memories setting in of time long gone.

Thank you, Lorna, for Everything. I'll Never Forget You. Never knew how much you loved me! Thanks Lorna, it was quite a long ride (35 yrs), rough at times! I'll never forget you, you'll always be in my head and my heart. Like I once told her (probably several times) once you leave me that's it, no more relationships for me! She, I'm sure, said the same (that goes for me too)! Just hope I'm not around for too much longer. Unfortunately my mom lived to 80 and my dad to 81.

Last Word: IT'S NOT EASY; It's not easy living alone, I find it very difficult at times; staying active helps, also writing helps to keep my mind away from - forever. On the other hand, I'm a survivor. She'll always be here in spirit, and in my heart and my mind.

Sports Talk - Strike it or lock it - Have to imagine that if the players in the national hockey league (N.H.L.) hadn't been locked out, more than likely they would have walked away, gone on strike. I don't believe it's about sports anymore, rather just another big business, but without union workers. I have no feelings for either side, all I see is greed.

Don't Take My Penny away! Please and Thank you. - I like the penny, it means so much to me. I grew up with it. It was also there when you needed it. If you were short by a few cents it was there for you to help out, also, you could use it on transit, it was handy. I don't think we'll see a complete end to the penny, remember just south of the border, they haven't given up on it.

Robert Champion

Correction: In our last issue we mistakenly said Robert's daughter was born in 1997. She was actually born in 1977.

Alberta Street News is a published by Edmonton Street News Society.

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ASN vendor Tim

THEIR STORY A Feature on Alberta Street News Vendors



Naomi

There is something ageless and yet fragile about Naomi. Born in 1984, she was three months premature, and this has affected her physically ever since. From the beginning there was challenge - an abusive father, a mother, brother and sister, who were trapped in the cycle of abuse. For a time they lived on an old farm near Sunnybrook, about an hour south and west of Edmonton. There was no telephone and no running water. Isolation and poverty are common tools of abusers. It makes it easier

to maintain control.

By the time Naomi was five they had left that, and moved into Edmonton, where she went through the public school system: Alex Taylor, Brightview, Parkdale, McCauley, and Inner City High School. She always experienced some difficulty learning, and school can be tough on kids that are different. She didn't like school when she was younger but by the time she reached Junior and Senior High she became engaged with her learning. The excellent programs at ICHS helped her on her way, but ICHS also brought its challenges. Tough kids. Tough lessons. You have to be strong, she says, know who you are and stand up to peer pressure. Caring teachers helped.

Naomi took ballet lessons starting at five years of age, and also became involved in modern dance, performing at the Citadel, the Library and the Butterdome. She even competed in dance competitions choreographing her own modern dance routines, and placed first gold both in Edmonton and St. Albert. She liked modern dance better, as it had more freedom. With performance and practice came the challenges of injury and fatigue but she loved the art form.

After high school she wanted to upgrade her English 30 to get into university. For a long time before that she knew that she had difficulty learning, but never knew why.

Scans for physical brain injuries had revealed nothing. The doctor this time did a six-hour battery of neurological exams, testing her memory, her performance under stress, her language capabilities. There were injuries, in parts of the brain that the scans did not show. The diagnosis was that it had been caused by abuse when she was a young child.

This was one of the most challenging times of her life for Naomi. Being told that she had a physical brain injury seemed to put her future out of her control, make her once again a victim. She ended her relationship with her father permanently, and now calls him her ex-father, to signify the barrier between them. He still, however, lurks in the distance, under a restraining order. She has learned to deal with the threat and with her injury. She takes one day at a time. She is a yoga instructor, and teaches three classes a week at the YMCA. She likes to sing, and draw, and is planning on making her own comic one day. Alberta Street News means more independence, and the ability to help herself and help other people at the same time. There is a reason, she says, to trust the ASN vendors. They have lived too, and know the feeling of loss. She is only 28, but has lived a lifetime of experience and challenge. She could teach us all a thing or two about courage.

Eric Rice